

TAXI MONOPOLIES PLAN NEW FIGHT ON LEGAL RATES

Will Operate at 50-Cent-a-Mile
Tariff and Try to Prove
a Loss Results.

INDEPENDENTS GLEEFUL

Declare They Are Making
Money and Cannot Handle
the Business of Patrons.

The taxicab monopolies have not given up their fight for the retention of illegal private hack stands and excessively high rates of fare, but are prepared, in a new fight, to attack Justice Seabury's decision that the new taxicab ordinance, for which The Evening World made such a long fight, is valid.

In addition to appealing from Justice Seabury's decision the taxicab companies are preparing a new line of attack, and that new line is responsible for the seeming surrender of the Mason-Seaman Transportation Company, which has equipped 200 of its 700 cars with the new rate meter.

William H. Barnard, president of the International Taxi Company, and multimillionaire head of the Mason-Seaman Transportation Company, is authority to-day for the statement that the company will seek later to show, by operating cars on the 50-cent-a-mile basis, that it cannot work at a profit, and thus attack the new rate as confiscatory.

EXPECTS TO PROVE NEW RATE CONFISCATORY.
"The law has said we can charge only 50 cents for the first half mile and 50 cents for the mile, instead of 50 cents for the first half mile and 30 cents for the mile, as we formerly charged," said Mr. Barnard, "and we have complied with the law, following Justice Seabury's decision, which makes the law binding during appeal. We are going to lose money during the fight, but we would lose a lot more money if we closed down our immense plant completely."

"We have been informed that we cannot press our charge that the new rate is confiscatory until we can go into court and show actual figures to bear out our contention. So we have equipped 200 of our cars with the new 50-cent first drop meters and will operate them in the public hackstands and in competition with the 'bucksters.'"

"Then, after a reasonable time, we will make a complete computation of our cost of operation and our receipts. If these figures show a loss to us, we feel sure the courts will give us relief, or, if the courts still insist that the ordinance is binding, that the Board of Aldermen will amend the rate as to give us a legitimate business profit."

THE INDEPENDENTS FINDS REAL PROFIT IN NEW RATE.
The claim that cars cannot be operated at a profit on a "first drop" of 50 cents and a rate of 50 cents a mile is laughed at by Edwin S. Goodnow, treasurer and general manager of the Independent Taxicab Owners' Association, which long ago adopted the cheaper rate and which led in the fight for the adoption of the new ordinance.

"I own a taxicab myself, and I make money on it at the 50-cent rate," said Mr. Goodnow. "If I didn't, I'd quit the business. But I do make money. I have to pay a chauffeur to run the car, and I have to pay more for my tires, gas, oil and repairs, because I cannot buy in such quantities as the larger corporations."

"Of course, I have no such overhead expenses as the large companies, but that is easy to explain. If they did not have so many high-priced and unnecessary officials, and had not been paying out fortunes each year for the illegal private hackstands and privileges in front of the hotels, they wouldn't have such enormous overhead charges. That is where their profits go. No wonder the stockholders don't get dividends."

MORE PROFITS NOW WITH "DEAD" MILEAGE GONE.

"Now that we independents can do the same thing, we will eliminate our dead mileage and can operate ourselves even cheaper than the figures I have named."

"We are delighted with the operation of the law for which The Evening World made such a fight. In my own case, business has increased 75 per cent, while mileage has increased but 20 per cent. The increase of business over mileage, of course, is due to the fact that we independents can now eliminate dead mileage by entering the nearest hackstand to where we dropped a passenger."

"The cheaper rates have increased business wonderfully, and you can take

What Two Happy Little Cripples Saw Yesterday At the Polo Grounds and How They Enjoyed Game



TWO CRIPPLED BOYS SAW GIANTS PLAY; HAPPY? WELL, SAY!

Didn't They Ride in a Red
Auto to Polo Grounds?

Indeed, Yes!

ALL HANDS GOOD TO 'EM.

Bellevue Hospital Is Full of
Sunshine To-Day Over
Their Happiness.

There was sunshine all over New York to-day, but in the main court of Bellevue Hospital there was double sunshine. Cruising about near the entrance to the big main building was a wheelchair, and in this vehicle of usual melancholy were two of the happiest mortals ever a wheelchair carried. They knew very well why they were happy and every one who came near knew, too, for they were two bright-eyed American boys, and after many long, dreary months in plaster casts and flat on their backs in bed the little cripples had seen a big league ball game. Compared with that one fact, missing legs and twisted bodies became things of minor importance.

The little lads who carried sunshine throughout the vast courtyard to brighten the face of many a forlorn sufferer were Harold McMahon, fifteen years old, and Eddie Messmer, one year his junior. Yesterday in a big red automobile they were whirled to the Polo Grounds, where, as the guests of John McGraw, they saw the Giants and Cincinnati Reds clash in the final game of their series. True, they saw their idols, the Giants, go down to defeat, but other features of the wonderful outing helped heal this wound, and, anyhow, didn't the villainous Phillies also lose?

WHAT THE POOR LITTLE CHAPS HAVE GONE THROUGH.

Possibly in all Bellevue there are not two little patients who have had a harder share of trouble than these youngsters, but about little hearts (and

who may not say complete absorption in the fortunes of baseball teams) have given both dispositions that belie their physical misfortune. Young McMahon's home is in Staten Island. His misfortune dated from a winter's day when he was visiting in Holyoke, Mass. While ice-fishing his left leg was frozen and amputation became necessary. Not long after he fell down a flight of stairs and his other leg was broken. He has been in Bellevue ten months and the broken limb is to-day imprisoned in a heavy plaster cast.

Eddie's misfortune, too, has been tragic. A leg injured while playing football sent him to the hospital with a puncture of the spine and eight weeks later a tossing in bed brought on agony that revealed the fact that his leg was broken. Blood poisoning was his further portion and for eight months he lay in bed and never stirred.

To-day natural rugged constitutions struggled to give both boys the color of

health and happiness completed the illusion. Joyously they told all who stopped to speak with them of the fairy-like journey to the height of all youthful New York's ambition—the Polo Grounds. Harold was a leader in the description of the outing but anything he overlooked Eddie quickly mentioned. "Of course we were sorry to see the Giants lose," said Harold quietly, "but I've always noticed that they play better when it's hot. Yesterday was a rotten day, any how, but I hope Mr. McGraw doesn't look upon us as Jonahs. This afternoon will probably be good and hot and I think they will trim the Phillies. I suppose Terreau will pitch." This last with the knitted brow of the baseball student who delights in forecasting battles.

IT WAS EDDIE'S FIRST AUTO TRIP, HAROLD SAID.

"How about the trip?" resumed Harold presently. "We surely did enjoy it. I have been in automobiles before, but this was the first time Eddie ever rode in one."

At this point Master Eddie roused himself from gazing raptly at a picture of the boys taken at the Polo Grounds yesterday, and allowed that the auto ride was great stuff, but not as good as the game.

"But you ought to have seen us going through Twenty-second street," put in his chum. "You know Eddie lives over there, and Dr. Rosenzweig, who drove us up to the game, went through that block. When all the kids that Eddie knows saw us there was a crowd around that we could hardly get through. Those kids seemed as glad as if they were going to the game, too."

Both lads were chockablock with comments on the game and their delight in it.

SEES MAN DROP TO DEATH.

Policeman Runs Up, Finds Friend
to Whom He Just Said 'Good Night.'

After Ludwig F. George, thirty-nine, a bartender, had closed up his saloon at One Hundred and Thirty-seventh street and Brook avenue about 3.30 this morning, he stood for a few moments chatting to Policeman Lorber, a block away, before going on to his home, at No. 250 Brook avenue. A little time afterward Lorber saw something come hurtling down from the fifth floor of the house where George lived, and, running up, found George on the pavement, dead.

Mrs. George, aroused by Lorber, said her husband must have dropped off to sleep and fallen out of the window, beside the low sill of which he sat for a while every hot night after coming from work. She had several times awakened him, she said.

Save the Babies.

INFANT MORTALITY is something frightful. We can hardly realize that of all the children born in civilized countries, twenty-two per cent., or nearly one-quarter, die before they reach one year; thirty-seven per cent., or more than one-third, before they are five, and one-half before they are fifteen!

We do not hesitate to say that a timely use of Castoria would save a majority of those precious lives. Neither do we hesitate to say that many of these infantile deaths are occasioned by the use of narcotic preparations. Drops, tinctures and soothing syrups sold for children's complaints contain more or less opium or morphine. They are, in considerable quantities, deadly poisons. In any quantity, they stupefy, retard circulation and lead to congestions, sickness, death. Castoria operates exactly the reverse, but you must see that it bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. Castoria causes the blood to circulate properly, opens the pores of the skin and allays fever.

Genuine Castoria always bears the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

MURDERS HIS BRIDE OF BUT SIX WEEKS AND GETS AWAY IN SAFETY

Unhappy Honeymoon Followed
Elopement and Slaying
Ends Breaking Up Home.

After an unhappy married life of six weeks, Saverio Parulo, a young man whose good looks and fine clothes have caused sighs from Mulberry Bend to Sullivan street and East One Hundred and Sixteenth street, strode out of his apartment, No. 426 West Thirtieth street. He left behind him his bride, who, as Maria Ferrone, has been popular for a year or more as a singer in the Italian moving picture theatres all over the city. With her was her brother Pasquale, who is a moving picture actor.

The three had been quarrelling all night. It had been agreed that the home should be broken up. Young Parulo said that it was more than he could bear to have his wife going around to theatres where strange men made eyes at her and threw her kisses every night. Maria said that it was more than she could bear to have a husband who thought her a fool and a cheat.

Soon after his going away, the installation furniture men came and carried away all the furniture on Parulo's order, even to the carpeting and the pictures. Mrs. Parulo went across the street to the home of Mrs. Rosa Tamborino, with whom she had a nodding acquaintance. Her brother promised to come and get her soon.

As she was telling Mrs. Tamborino her troubles, Saverio Parulo walked in. He asked Mrs. Tamborino to hold an umbrella for him, and he walked to where his wife sat by the window, staring at him angrily. He drew a revolver, placed it against her neck and fired. She slipped down to the floor and rolled into a heap. He watched her for a moment. She did not move. He ran to the door and went down the stairs two steps at a jump.

Tenants, alarmed by the shot, started after him. Parulo turned at the street door and leveled his revolver at the foremost, who ran back upstairs. From the tenement windows he was seen to run to Tenth avenue and then up towards Thirtieth street. Others who watched him after he turned the corner saw him jump into a taxicab which whirled away through Thirtieth street.

While Policeman Test and Ambulance Surgeon Farnum of New York Hospital were questioning the Tamborino family, the dead woman's brother Pasquale walked in. When he saw what had happened, he fainted across her body. After Pasquale had been restored, he told how his sister and Parulo had eloped six weeks ago, had been forgiven by her parents and had quarrelled ever since.

PRISONER STRANGLES SELF.

Victim Was Held on Charge Only
Carrying Small Penalty.

Ernest Lind, a prisoner in the Tombs, killed himself in his cell this afternoon by choking. Lind, who was a janitor at No. 102 West Street, was sent

The Best Food-Drink Lunch at Fountains



Insist Upon ORIGINAL HORLICK'S GENUINE

Avoid Imitations—Take No Substitutes
Rich milk, malted grain, in powder form. More healthful than tea or coffee. For infants, invalids and growing children. Pure n. tr. on upbuilding the whole body. Invigorates nursing mothers and the aged. Agree with the weakest digestion. Keep it on your sideboard at home. A quick lunch prepared in a minute.

The store will close Saturday at 12.30 P. M.

Season-end Sale to-morrow

Women's Summer Skirts and Dresses

The last call—the deepest cut!

181 Summer Dresses.....	values up to \$20.00.....	at \$6.75
211 Summer Dresses.....	values up to \$15.00.....	at \$5.00
58 Summer Dresses.....	values up to \$10.00.....	at \$3.75
62 Summer Dresses.....	values up to \$7.50.....	at \$2.50
254 Summer Dresses.....	values up to \$5.00.....	at \$1.50
412 White Dress Skirts.....	values up to \$3.00.....	at \$1.00
146 White Dress Skirts.....	values up to \$4.00.....	at \$1.50
66 White Dress Skirts.....	values up to \$5.00.....	at \$2.00
107 White Dress Skirts.....	values up to \$6.00.....	at \$2.50
60 White Dress Skirts.....	values up to \$10.00.....	at \$4.95
65 Fancy Mixture Skirts.....	values up to \$7.50.....	at \$1.50

No alterations—no returns or credits and none exchanged—4th floor

Broadway **Saks & Company** at 34th Street

to the Tombs by Magistrate Levy in \$100 bail on a misdemeanor assault charge which would have carried but a small penalty with it had he been found guilty in Special Sessions.

Keeper Gilday found that the prisoner had wrapped his belt about his neck, passed an end through the frame of his cot and strangled himself by pulling at the end of the belt.

MAN WHO KILLED TO SAVE GIRL'S HONOR IS SET FREE

Coroner's Jury Exonerates Carnegie
Medal Hero After Full
Hearing.

William C. Cuff, a clerk, twenty, who unintentionally killed a man to save a woman's honor, was to-day exonerated by a jury under Coroner H. J. Linsten.

Early on the morning of Aug. 4, Miss Mary Burns of No. 302 East Fifth street, while on her way home, was accosted by Joseph Berardes of No. 30 East Seventieth street, who had followed her along East Sixty-fifth street to near Third avenue. Here he dragged her into a hallway. Her screams attracted Cuff, who lives at No. 342 East Sixty-fifth street. According to the testimony of the girl before the coroner, her assailant said that he would blow Cuff's brains out if he attempted to interfere with him.

Berardes then aimed a blow at Cuff, who knocked him down. In his fall Berardes's skull was fractured and he died some time later at the hospital. Cuff has two Carnegie medals which he received last year for rescuing a boy and girl from drowning.



We are not seeking "fame" as "advertisers"—our entire time—thought—and energy are devoted exclusively to the examination of eyes and the fitting and making of glasses.

Ours is an efficient, modern combination of professional skill and business ability.

Our phenomenal success has been built upon the cornerstone of giving absolute satisfaction to every customer—at prices that are lower than obtain anywhere for professionally prescribed eyeglasses.

Harris glasses cost \$2.00 or more.

M.H. Harris
Optical and Optician

34 East 23rd St., near Fourth Ave.
54 West 125th St., near Lenox Ave.
27 W. 34th St., bet. 5th and 6th Aves.
442 Columbus Ave., 81st and 82d Sts.
70 Nassau St., near John St.

1009 Broadway, near Willby, B'klyn.
489 Fulton St., opp. A. & S. B'klyn.
597 Broad St., opp. Hahn's, Newark



For Everybody, Everywhere

For workers with hand or brain—for rich and poor—for every kind of people in every walk of life—there's delicious refreshment in a glass of

Coca-Cola

different and better in purity and flavor.
The best drink anyone can buy.



Be sure to get the genuine.
Ask for it by its full name
—to avoid imitations and
substitution.

Send for free booklet.

Whenever you see an Arrow think of Coca-Cola.

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY, ATLANTA, GA.

The WORLD'S 1913 FALL RENTING GUIDE

To Simplify Homeseeking Be Sure and Get a Copy of

The World's Fall Renting Guide for 1913

Free at All World Offices and by Mail

A LARGE, beautifully printed volume containing in picture and story all one could possibly want to know about New York's most luxurious Apartment Houses.

Out Within a Week! Watch for Further Notice!

WRITE TO-DAY FOR EARLY COPY BY MAIL, INCLOSING 6c TO COVER ACTUAL POSTAGE.

Address: World's Renting Guide, Care The World, Pulitzer Bldg., New York City